A

PINDARICK ODE,

Upon the Death of His late ſacred Majeſty KING

CHARLES

the SECOND.

At ſi non aliam venturo Fata JACOBO
Invenere viam,
Tum nihil (O Superi) querimur———

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PINDARIC ODE

Upon the Death of His Late Sacred

Majesty KING

CHARLES

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A PINDARICK ODE,

Upon the Death of his late ſacred Majeſty King CHARLES the Second.

Humbly Dedicated to the Right Honourable JAMES *Earl of ABINGDON.*

I.

Alaſs he's dead— The diſmal ſound
Like poyſon'd Air
Hot Univerſal plagues doth in it bear,
And ſcatters peircing pains around.
Paleneſs and tears and penſive looks is all we ſee,
While Nature's ſelf does ſeem to be
Diſſolv'd in Elegy.
Ye Gods! what Scenes of horrour do you ſhew,
What ſad *Varieties* of woe.
Sure, ſure your Heav'n muſt fall and back to Chaos run,
Your Prop, your *Atlas* is remov'd and gone.
Clouds charg'd with all the rage of Hell
And all your *pouring* Storms of wrath we feel,
Whole *Loads* of vengeance undergo,

And yet (forgive my frantick Zeal)
T' our ſins a *leſs* affliction was but due.
If fire, war, fammin you had ſent,
If a ſecond Deluge had came forth
And cover'd ore this Ball of Earth,
Then, then (our *CHARLES* being ſav'd) with joy
We'd to your Altars fly,
And *hug* thoſe *bleſſed* ills, and ſoon repent.
But now amaz'd and *Stupify'd* we ſtand
At your correcting hand,
This, this alaſs (I fear) is more,
Then poor *forſaken* man can e're endure.

II.

At's Birth a Glorious Star appear'd
It rowl'd with pure, *refin'd*, *unborrow'd* Light,
Long time kept of approaching Night,
And ſeem'd another *Sun* to us below,
The pointed Flames declar'd,
And was the ſign
That this our Royal Babe was all *Divine*,
Good Heav'n why not *Immortal* too.
Never was ſoul ſo regularly great,
The Gods ſuch pains did take
The beſt of men to make,
That in leſs time and fewer days,
They did the whole Creation raiſe,
And all this curious train of things beget.
To him in glory *dreſt*
All his Forefathers *Wealth* came *flowing* in,

And ſenſibly the *Fund* encreaſt,
But in a numerous *Crowd* it ſcarce was ſeen.
Thus Rivers to the *Ocean* run,
And raiſe (tis true) the waters higher
That they their ſwelling *Mountains* may admire,
But there's a *Stock* below, and mightier *Store-houſe* of its own.

III.

His Father baſely Murther'd, he withſtood
The grief and thouſand *Deaths* that after him were ſent,
And all the vile ingratitude
That forc'd his Baniſhment.
His *Royal Oak* ſcarce e're could be
So deeply fixt againſt a *Storm* as He:
Like this his *Ile* unmov'd he lay,
With unconcern'd and ſteddy mind,
At all the *Waves and Wind*
That could from *France* or *Holland* come
At all the *Monſters* of the air and ſea,
At all the wild ſtate *Hurricanes* at home.
To Arms and Fighting bred,
Victory it ſelf was Priſ'ner made.
Our *Hercules*, our guardion God
An *Hydra* tam'd, he tam'd the *multitude*.
He purg'd the *Senate* ſo, that all allow
He clear'd a ſtinking *ſtable* too.
But yet his *Univerſal* Influence
Plenty to this, and all the Earth at *once* did give,
At once both *Indies* thrive,
While the old drudging Sun does *leſs* diſpence,

And fainter Lights from's Orb do *flow*,
For whilſt *above* from him a *Summer* we receive,
'Tis Winter at the Antipodes below.
Alone and uncontroul'd he did command,
And either *ſeaſon* War, or Peace could ſend,
On his high Throne was rais'd,
He *Nodded*, *ſhook* the World, and thunder'd when he pleas'd.

IV.

Under his ſhade the *Tuneful* Tribe did long retreat,
There did the Muſes meet,
And round their Darling ſit.
(Oh might their Sons and offspring find
Ages to come as Learned and as kind).
In one *Parnaſſus* they then glory'd more,
Then *Rome* in her *ſeven Hills* before.
To what vaſt heights did Learning riſe.
Each *Science* tho in *Ruſſet* clad
To th' Court their Journeys made,
And there with dainties fed
Their former home-bred Country *Welcome's* they deſpiſe.
There their *Rags* aſide were laid,
Like the *Sidonian* Gard'ner, there
With Robes of State in Pomp and Glory they appeard,
His *Firmament*, as that above, with thouſand *Lights* was dreſt,
With thouſand *Angels* bleſs't.
None from his *Bounty* were *ſecure*,
Retirement, Darkneſs could not *Merit* hide,
But he the ſhining *Diamond* eſpy'd.
Pull'd from its lov'd retreat,

Away 'twas bore,
Condemn'd and *ſentenc'd* to be great.

V.

To ſuch a pitch his *Mercy* did arrive,
That none could ſin ſo faſt, as he forgive.
Rebels his Goodneſs long admir'd,
So undeſerv'dly ſpar'd, the dreadful pain
Of *ſhame* and *Wonder* they ſuſtain,
That for their *Eaſe* their Racks and Gibbets they requir'd.
Oh Depth, oh boundleſs Sea, which wit
Has never *ſail'd* or *fathom'd* yet.
It's Glories *here* I can conceive and feel,
But ſure in the next World muſt tell:
A flat and daubing praiſe 'twill not abide,
The Bard on *purpoſe* muſt be *Glorify'd*.
But ſee, the Merciful, the Brave,
Majeſtick and Auguſt,
The valiant, wiſe and juſt,
Are attributes that Dirt and Worms muſt have.
Alaſs, alaſs in this poor clod of Earth,
Is hudled all his worth.
Could he but hear us call, he'd not diſdain
Our deep fetch'd ſighs, our flouds of Tears,
And all our longing Pray'rs,
But wou'd he wou'd come back again.
Lo then the God, the God doe's come,
Again vouchſafes to take his Crown;
Oh tune your Harps ye Saints above,
And all your ſluggiſh grief remove.

Hoſanna's through th' eternal Regions ſound,
And let it gladly Eccho round.
Thou Prince, that doſt in Purple Mourn,
With theſe thy Robes in triumph ride,
Let well wing'd joys attend thy ſide;
Our CHARLES again is born,
In Royal JAMES, our *Charles*, our God does once again RETURN.

FINIS.